I will performe it to infranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt nere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes heere, the new deliuered *Haſtings*?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemies, are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pittie that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While Kites and Buzzards prey at libertie.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phiſitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by St. *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch conſumed his Royall perſon,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you, *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till *George* be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen,
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*, With

With lyes well ſteeld with weightie ar
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue
Which done, God take King *Edward*
And leaue the world for me to buſſell
For then Ile marry *Warwicks* yongeſt
What though I kild her husband and
The readieſt way to make the wench a
Is to become her husband and her fat
The which will I, not all ſo much for l
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her which I muſt reach
But yet I run before my horſe to Mar
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill liue
When they are gone, then muſt I cou

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearſe

Lady Anne. Set downe, ſet downe y
If honor may be ſhrowded in a hearſe
Whileſt I a while obſequiouſly lamen
The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaſt*
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King
Pale aſhes of the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thou bloodles remnant of that royall
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt
To heare the lamentations of poore
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtere
Stabd by the ſelfe ſame hands that ma
Loe, in thoſe windowes that let forth t
I poure the helpeleſſe blame of my p
Curſt be the hand that made the fatal
Curſt be the heart, that had the heart
More direfull hap betide that hated w
That makes vs wretched by the death
Then I can wiſh to Adders, Spiders, T
Or any creeping venomde thing that
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect
May fright the hopefull mother at the

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